

Don't Fly So Much As Plummet

by Spannerspoon

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SUMMARY: It seems Toothless' bonding with the sheep family in Animal House went a little further than plannedâ€!

AN: **Hello again! Another mad little one shot that popped into my head this morning. I feel my British humour is showing in this oneâ€!**

Honestly I have no idea where this came from, I was watching a very nice HTTYD fan video which included the bit where Hiccup is knocked off Toothless in the final battle and my brain thought it would be funny to yell "He didn't fly so much as plummet!" which of course led me to Google where this random quote had come from (as I couldn't remember) and after re-reading the sketch, I decided I had to make the HTTYD version!

So here it is, enjoy!

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Gobber the Belch had decided that it was high time he took a day off. With his two official jobs as blacksmith and Dragon dentist, it seemed he had less and less time to himself these days; and for once the weather in Berk seemed to be cooperating. The last time Gobber had wanted to take a day off to roam the island, the weather had gone from Berk winter, to the brass monkeys' side of devastating winter. Not a pleasant day to stroll or go fishing. Still, today the weather was behaving, which was all that mattered really.

Having closed up the smithy (Hiccup being busy with the Dragon Training Academy today), Gobber decided to head up to the sheep pastures to check on Phil the sheep. Phil had been rather unceremoniously thrown out of the house the week before; after Gobber had found out the real reason he was always missing his left socks. Apparently, Gobber's left socks were a delectable sheep delicacy; and considering the only foot Gobber had was his leftâ€| well you can understand why this systematic destruction of his wardrobe might annoy him.

Hiking his slipping breeches back up around his waist (Damn that Boneknapper, nothing held up his trousers like that buckle had!), Gobber strolled out of the forge and along the winding path to the sheep pens, enjoying the light breeze and the unseasonably warm temperatures. As Gobber got closer to the pasture, he could hear the unmistakeable sound of sheep but to his utter surprise, as he leant on the gates to the field, there were no sheep to be seen! Had Loki swooped down and turned them invisible for a trick? Had trolls taken them away so swiftly that they left their voices behind? The Viking scratched his head in confusion, almost knocking his horned helmet from its perch. Thinking Stoick should probably be told about the missing sheep, Gobber turned back towards the path to the village. His progress, however, was halted as a loud,

"BAAA-AA!" then a THUMP! reached his ears. Started, the blonde Viking whirled around. A young sheep had appeared on the ground beside one of the large trees in the pasture. Wobbling slightly, the sheep bleated and shook its head as it got back to its feet. A small, yellow dragon dropped down to the grass beside it and squawked in what Gobber could only describe as an encouraging manner. Then, to the large man's utter bewilderment, the unlikely duo touched noses and began to climb up the tree! Confused, and more than a little bit intrigued, Gobber's eyes followed the pair's progressâ€| at which point he burst into the manliest of giggles.

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It was later on that afternoon that Stoick the Vast joined his good friend by the sheep fields above the village.

"Afternoon Gobber."

"Alrigh' Stoick, good day of chiefling?"

The red haired Viking shuddered thinking of his hectic day, "A busy one." He replied stretching his neck and rolling his shoulders to try and ease the tension.

"More diplomacy and tact? I still say you'd be better with the hit-it-with-a-hammer approach, but whatever suits."

Stoick shuddered again, desperately trying to suppress the memories of when Gobber had, ah, helped him with his chiefling duties, not one of Hiccup's better ideas that one. Changing the subject quickly, Stoick said offhandedly,

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

Gobber smiled, well aware of what his friend was thinking.

"Aye, tis that." He replied, looking back towards the field. Stoick followed his eyes to the now empty sheep pen.

"Gobber!" he exclaimed "Where ar' the-?" Stoick cut himself off, his expression morphing from worry to confusion to wonder.

"Are they-?"

"Yep."

"With the-?"

"Terrible Terrors, yep."

"But why are they up in the trees!?" Stoick's normally calm and, er, stoic, appearance shattered as he gaped at the flock of sheep sitting calmly in the trees. Gobber only grinned.

"A fair question Stoick. It is my considered opinion that they're nesting."

"Nesting!?" Stoick asked, still staring at the oddly-placed sheep.

"Aye."

"Like the Terrors?"

"Aye, exactly!" Gobber replied enthusiastically. "The Terrors are the key to the whole problem. I reckon that the sheep are under the impression that they're more like dragons than they thought after that storm and Hiccup's training. Just watch them for a minute. Look how that one is trying to sharpen its claws, and that one's attempt to fly to a different tree-"

Gobber was cut off as another loud,

"BAA-AA!" and THUMP! echoed back from the field.

"Notice," the peg-legged Viking continued "they don't fly so much as plummet."

Stoick shook his head, watching with a certain degree of amusement as another Terror and sheep duo tried to glide from one tree to another.

"BAA-AA!" THUMP!

Fair to say, only one of them made it across.

"But why do they think they're dragons Gobber?" the chief asked, still perplexed about the whole idea.

"Another good question Stoick, that's why you're the chief!" The stone toothed man grinned again, neatly dodging the meaty fist that Stoick swung in his direction. "Well, one thing's for sure, sheep are not creature of the air. See they have enormous difficulty with the art of perching-"

Another THUMP! interrupted them. It appeared this sheep had been so

surprised it could not grip the branch it was sat on that it did not have the time to Baa as it fell.

"As you can see," continued Gobber "as for flight, well we both know they don't match the design of a dragon." He paused, considering that thought, "Although, they're not that far off a Gronkle, with a few tweaks, a harnessâ€|"

"Focus Gobber!"

Well that at least explained where Hiccup had picked up that annoying habit of trailing off mid-sentence had come from.

"Ah, right, yes, where was I? Trouble is, sheep are very dim. An' once they get an idea in their heads, there's no shifting it."

"But where'd they get the idea from Gobber?" Stoick questioned, somewhat exasperated by his oldest friend's mad ideas. Unfortunately for Stoick, Gobber's mad theories were the only answers that were making any sort of sense in this crazy situation. Why was life never simple on Berk...?

Gobber smiled toothily, pointing at the only sheep who looked steady in his lofty perch.

"Is that-?"

Gobber's smile widened. "Yep, that's Phil. He's the most dangerous of animals â€" a clever sheep. Definitely the ring-leader. He must've realised a sheep's life is only standing around for a few months then being eaten. And that's depressing to an ambitious sheep, especially after he's travelled and adventured now. After helping take down the Boneknapper, Phil wants more from life. So he's hit on the idea of escape!"

Stoick sighed, running a large hand across his face. Was now really the time for one of Gobber's stories? But then looking at the slightly smug look on the sheep's face and the fact the majority of Berk's sheep were currently sat in treesâ€| what other possibility could there be?

"Why not just take Phil back home with you? If he's the ring leader, surely the other sheep will get bored and give up on the idea?" Despite the question, Stoick dreaded the answer from the blacksmith.

"And lose anymore socks?! I know he's in league with the trolls now, and those brides of Grendal won't be getting any more of my clothes!" Gobber sighed, lowering his fist that he had been brandishing at the air, a devious smirk beginning to cross his face, "An' anyway, think of what we could trade with trader Johann if Phil succeeds!"

Stoick's eyebrows lifted. "I'm listeningâ€|"

"A flying sheep would be worth at least five swords, maybe even that special delivery you ordered?"

And so, Phil the sheep was NOT removed from the sheep field. But fair to say, the next meal of lamb served in the great hall seemed much

more tender than usualâ€!

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AN: **Hehe, I really had fun writing for Stoick and Gobber, they have such a silly chemistry together (Check out D:RoB ep 6 How to pick your dragon if you don't believe me!) a silly little brainwave inspired by Monty Python that actually came together quite nicely (well I thought so anyway :P) Let me know what you thought, I love hearing from you all!**

Love and hugs,

Spannerspoon out.

End
file.